Zam Tops the Vaulted Senator from Naboo

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Zam Tops the Vaulted Senator from Naboo

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

One night, the acclaimed politician, who is about to organize opposition to the Military Creation Act which will authorize the creation of a standing army and plunge the galaxy into war, finds a strange woman in her room, someone she never expected there, someone who had been tasked to kill her. What she does is much worse, destroying her dignity, and her spirit in such a way that she was not prepared for and cannot stop, causing her pain, pleasure, and other emotions she has never experienced in her entire life...

Notes

When thinking of fics to submit for Nonconvember, this immediately came to mind. There's one individual on here who has written every single Zam/Padme (also known as Zadme) femslash fic on AO3, so I am indebted to them for doing so, as those fics are an inspiration. Even so, I wanted to give my own twist in line with the FAQ for this contest, which says the intent is to take a fic in "whumpy/angsty/kinky direction" which does not need to be fully noncon, and it falls in-line with a few of the reasons for writing such a fic: "rape fantasies... [to] take a character to a lowest of low, like any other torture...[or to] not actually have noncon...[with] attempted rape, dubcon, [or otherwise]...dance the line also have an appeal by not going into full noncon but toeing the line" of noncon itself. Of the thirty prompts and five alternate prompts on the official Tumblr text list for this challenge, the ones I went with here were a combination of elements of "No more, please" (day 3), Begging (day 22), Guilt (day 23), "It could have been worse" (day 24), Tears (day 25), Too Late (alternate prompt), and Role Reversal (alternate prompt). I began this fic in early November 2025 and completed it in late November. When I did so, I revised parts of this fic to make it smuttier, including changing the ending, so it focused on Zam, rather than Padme. I may even write another one. I haven't decided yet.

Like my other fics, this was cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction (chapter is entitled "Zam Strikes First").

Update #1 on 11/30/25: I'm glad this fic is doing so well, with over 160 hits. I made some updates and changes today. I'm encouraged, due to the response, to possibly write a follow-up in the future. Thanks again everyone for reading.

Update #2 on 5/3/26: An revised/updated version of this fic was posted on Squidge World today, fulfilling a prompt on a certain site applying to any fandom ("any, any/any, beg"), expanding the text by over 13% to 3,206 words, plus updating the fic's summary, among

other changes which made it stronger than the original. I hope you all read it. Also, this fic has been uploaded on the Internet Archive.

As always, comments and concrit are fully welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by dancing in circles by spidermanisntreal

Bounty hunters traversed the galaxy. A select few were shapeshifters, and assassins at that. One of these individuals was a mercenary from the Clawdite species. She would change her form at will and become more humanoid if needed. She had been tasked with killing a prominent senator from Naboo who led the opposition to the Military Creation Act. She didn't know much about politics or why that was important. Even so, she *always* did her job. She *always* received high marks from her boss, and friend, a Mandalorian named Jango Fett.

She had attempted to kill the Senator previously by destroying her ship. Unfortunately for her, this had failed. A decoy named Cordé, her close handmaiden, had been murdered instead. Jango gave her one more chance. She released her floating droid. It made its way into her living quarters and released poisonous slugs. Everything was going smoothly. The job would be completed in record time. At least it seemed that way. Nothing appeared to get in the way of her accomplishing this mission. She would get paid and everything would work out. She could go on with her life.

Watching this all from a nearby balcony with her viewfinder, she could tell that something was wrong. It wasn't supposed to be taking this long. She should be dead by now. She had staked out this spot and considered all possibilities. She had spent hours upon hours researching the senator. She knew her daily routines. Every day, she had observed this beautiful, graceful, slender, and refined woman. Almost like clockwork, the woman walked back-and-forth from her lavish Coruscanti apartment, often traveling to the Galactic Senate. It was a shame she had to kill her because she was a *looker*. She put that aside. She had a job to do. Sometimes that was the price. She grumbled. She hated when this kind of thing happened.

She couldn't rely on some creature to do it. She'd have to off the senator *herself*. Somehow, she sliced through the window without anyone the wiser, without even R2D2 detecting her presence. The robot had turned off for the night. As the senator moved from side to side, the slugs had trouble getting to her, even as they crawled up the bedsheets. Zam *hated* using these things. Her preferred method was taking someone out with a sniper rifle, or something along those lines. If the Senator had gotten up, she could have stunned her right then and there. That wasn't what happened. Not at all.

She suddenly saw how real this senator was. She was a woman with a face you'd only see in holograms. In a snap decision, she decided to abandon her mission: she wasn't going to kill this woman. Instead, she was going do something crueler, at least psychologically. Maybe in a sense she could complete her mission in a *certain way*, although she probably wouldn't get paid by Jango for what she did. In one quick motion, she threw all the slugs out of the window, except for one. As she approached the sleeping woman, she tiptoed onto the silk sheets. The woman was wearing a thin, nearly see-through nightgown. She held the creature in her hand, trying to prevent it from squirming around. Carefully pulling back the sheet, she placed the slug on the senator's leg and guided it to one place in particular. She had a plan to catch this woman off guard. She knew exactly what she was doing.

It entered inside the woman's special place. It elicited the beginning of a moan as it moved around. It touched the sides of her tunnel of love and scratched them, causing some blood to begin coming out. The senator's eyes opened widely. She awoke from her deep slumber. Who

wouldn't be awoken by this? Before any more sounds could come out, Zam's gloved hand covered her mouth. She softly whispered in her ear, telling her to keep it down. "Don't be so loud, lady...if *they knew* you were in bed with another woman...how would that look?" She could admit that this woman had a point. Surely, having sex with a woman wasn't generally stigmatized. Even so, there were conservative senators who might detest her, causing her to possibly lose their support. She had been caught in vulnerable positions before, but never anything like this. It was new. She could tell that this woman was attractive, but *deadly*, and with a pretty face. That was a dangerous combination. If only the Jedi were there.

"I'm Padmé Amidala. I won't let *anyone* push me around," she declared triumphantly. Zam shook her head. She kept her eyes on Padmé, who was barely holding it together. She knew that this would break her. "You can say that all you want, Miss Amidala, but that slug, it's inside your pussy now...and you are going to do *exactly* what I say." She desperately tried to get it out, clawing at the creature, but it was too late. The slug had gone in so deep that she could not extract it. She began to moan once more, with Zam telling her that she had to keep her voice down. She felt new and strange sensations. At the same time, Zam slowly took off each piece of her armor, which numbered forty-five pieces in all. She soon laid next to Padmé, fully naked. While the senator was internally panicking, she kept an outwardly cool expression.

Love juices began to come out between Padmé's legs, as did blood. Zam spread her legs apart. The senator had bad luck that night. Her two Jedi guardians had already left, wrongly believing that the danger had passed. Obi-Wan had made the suggestion. Anakin begrudgingly agreed with the proviso that the senator's own security detail could handle any issues. He went back to his own residence, in the Jedi Temple, to sleep. If they had stayed, perhaps Zam's plot could have been foiled. This wouldn't have occurred, and she would be safe. She wouldn't be in this situation. Unfortunately, that was not to be. Although Zam was unaware of this, she would have been overjoyed if she knew. If she was aware that the senator was all alone, apart from some security guards which were standing further away, it wouldn't have changed anything. Nothing at all. In fact, she may have been *even bolder* with this woman.

"*Please*, Miss, make it stop," the senator desperately pleaded, her words cut off by moans which rippled through her body. Zam refused her entreaties. The arousal was heightened and the fire inside her growing. Her clit was throbbing and swollen, with the bedsheets getting even wetter, covered with a mixture of her cum and blood. She couldn't believe what was happening to her. She wasn't sure how she could ever get out of this or if it would ever end. Part of her enjoyed the sensations. Slowly but surely, she started falling under the lull of pleasure and losing part of herself in the process.

Zam was almost turned on herself by everything going on. She found it so hot, sweet, and perfect, in her own way. Padmé was making these noises for *her*. The senator felt ashamed of herself, ashamed at how she was acting. Did she really want this? She wasn't sure. She didn't know what was going on with herself. Ultimately, Zam agreed to the senator's pleas. However, she pulled out the slug in such a way that it made Padmé begin to lose herself. She couldn't stop the release of her love juices which squirted out in a huge crescendo. It splashed onto Zam's body, along with some blood.

The slug was slick and covered with her love juices and blood. The senator couldn't believe what she had done. The assassin quickly jumped out of bed and threw the slug out of the part of the window she had gone through to get inside the bedroom. With some of the cum, and blood, still on her hand, she started licking it. She cooed, flirtatiously, "You were *so* wet, Miss Padmé. You are such a *good girl*." She needed to show her who was boss and to assert her dominance. She needed to break this resilient, and optimistic, woman down so that she was nothing. She knew methods for manipulation but had never done something like this in bed. This was new for her too. Already, she was unconsciously tapping into the senator's praise kink without even knowing it. With the woman's chest falling, and rising, with heavy breaths, she looked into the woman's pleading brown eyes. That did not convince her to stop. Instead, she strongly asserted herself.

"I've heard, Miss Padmé, that you are an honorable, devoted public servant." She paused for a second. She was ready to strike the next blow against this woman's honor.

Throughout her life, Zam knew what she wanted. She wanted to be wealthy. She had used her talents to gain a profit for herself, from her days on her home planet of Zolan, with its harsh climate. She had begun by learning the ancient art of the Mabari, a group of warrior knights on the planet. Being with the senator was no different. She tapped into this young woman's insecurities. That's what she did.

Surely, Padmé had political prowess. She was a strong woman who was not to be underestimated. She deeply cared about justice and forged her own path. Even so, her life had a duality. She understood the need to separate the personal and professional. Her wardrobe, with its elaborate outfits, reflected how she stood in two worlds. It was a mix of more formal attire and softer, more casual, attire. She sometimes cared more about the galaxy's fate than her own safety, and often took risks. She could cross many boundaries that isolated people from one other and easily bridge divides. That was her skill.

"Why don't you devote yourself to *me*, Miss Padmé?" The senator was offended by this remark. How could this woman suggest something so ridiculous. She'd never agree to something like that! That's what her own security detail, and the Jedi knights, were for, not this woman, who hadn't even revealed her name. She was surely in a vulnerable position. Even so, she wouldn't give into the pleasure. *Not again*! She had to stand strong. She had to resist it to the best of her ability. She couldn't. It wouldn't be right. She could hold her own no matter what.

"I can't Miss...I have a security detail...and..." Her voice was cut off with another moan, as Zam moved her hands under the night gown and squeezed her supple breasts, causing her to nearly shriek. It was all becoming too much. Zam was clearly enjoying herself. She hadn't come to do this. Despite that, she saw her actions as a way to get what she wanted. Maybe she could even stop this woman from organizing opposition to the Military Creation Act or do something else for her instead. She decided on the latter. "Make me your security consultant, then you can *always* have an eye on me," she declared. It was an attempt to pull the senator into her web, to have her around her finger. That was her new plan to break this woman down. She hoped it would work. She'd make sure that she got the job done. She also saw it as a way to make up for the money that Jango would have given her if she had succeeded in her original mission. This woman could pay her handsomely, right?

Padmé *still* saw this as patently absurd. Why would she *ever* agree to that? She'd never give into this woman, who she guessed had come to kill her, not after that weird slug went inside her... she wouldn't let that happen again. She'd make sure she'd stop it. As the woman squeezed her breasts, she could feel herself becoming aroused once again. This sensation was new. It was something she hadn't expected. It caused her to lose herself. It made her, on a certain level, want to comply with this woman's demands. Zam was not only a master assassin but a master, in her own right, *in bed*. This was one of those times. She sucked on the senator's exposed tits, eliciting a loud moan, as pleasure washed over Padmé's body once more. She could barely hold her own at this point.

Smiling deviously, she had a plan to make this senator listen to no one but *her*. It was risky. She felt it was worth a try. After all, this woman was at her mercy. She could say anything to her. And this woman would listen and obey. At least that's how she saw it. In contrast, the senator was playing the long game, going along until she could strike back. She could get out of this situation, she was certain. However, the assassin would stop her plan in its tracks and cause her to agree. It was devious and manipulative, to say the least. Zam boldly declared, "I won't let you cum unless you agree to make me your security consultant." Having her orgasm denied made her more desperate than before, even more when the slug entered her. She couldn't stop herself. Words spilled out of her mouth.

"Okay, Miss! *I agree*!" Zam smiled. She had gotten what she wanted. Everything was unfolding favorably. She could now control this woman, in her own way. "Okay, you can cum now." The love juices of the senator trickled out of her altar of love. The blood was still there, and her love tunnel was scarred. She couldn't believe herself. She had been utterly deflowered. Perhaps letting this mystery woman do this to her wasn't a good idea after all. Perhaps she should have fought back more ferociously. It was hard to say. She couldn't go back in the past. That wasn't possible. There were no time machines. She had to live with her decisions, no matter how good, or no matter how bad they were. That was life. She had to move on. She wondered what this assassin would do with her next.

Zam laid in bed with her for a bit, as her own heartbeats began to return to normal. The same was the case for Padmé. Turning toward the senator, she remarked, "my name is Zam Wesell. Remember me as the one *who topped* a vaulted woman from Naboo...I was ordered to kill you. Instead, I *shagged you*, in your own bed." Padmé was completely shamefaced. What had she done? She felt utterly ashamed. She couldn't believe she had done it with this woman, of anyone she could have done it with. She was about to say something more, this woman put her on edge again, wanting to show her what it meant to be submissive. This was her plan. She wanted to make her nothing more than someone who obeyed her, nothing more than someone she could manipulate without a second thought.

"All that blood and cum out of your pussy...that's *no good*. Let me clean it up for you...don't worry." She put herself in position and placed her head under the nightgown. Without any warning, she slowly entered her tongue inside of the senator's special place. She shoved it in, ravenously lapping up all the juices and blood inside, causing the senator to moan once again. It almost felt like Zam knew what she was doing. In reality, she'd never done it before. She'd only watched videos of it, which were very plentiful in those days despite restrictive laws. She felt an even stronger sensation when the woman's tongue touched a certain place, a place

which was very sensitive. Her love juices squirted out again, this time onto the face of this woman. She couldn't believe herself. What had she done?

After such forceful exertions, she found herself quickly falling asleep. The assassin, sleeping on the other side of the bed, began reflecting on everything that happened that night, and what she had gone through. If she had been like the senator, she might have felt guilty, and tears would have streamed down her face. That wasn't the case for her. Not one bit. She wondered what she would do now. Should she stay with this woman or not? She knew this woman was headstrong. Even so, what she'd done that night had shown that this woman could be broken down. She could use that to secure a place for herself, to get this woman to do *something* for her, apart from asking her to be a personal guard. Where this went from here was up to them...

End Notes

The title is somewhat inspired by headline titles like "Rep. Lindsey Daugherty tops challenger in early Colorado statehouse primary results," "Pro-Israel New Jersey Rep. Menendez tops progressive challenger in primary," and subheadings within the article entitled "Sisitsky is Framingham's first two-term mayor; Franklin voters oust four councilors" (the subheadings are "Sisitsky tops Epstein, wins second term as Framingham mayor" and "Stefanini tops White Harvey, will return to City Council"), and what the word "top" means in slang according to slangsphere. I took inspiration from from the most recent version of Star Wars: Women in the Galaxy, particularly pages 185-191 (entry for Padme), page 192 (entry for Padme's handmaidens), and page 276 (entry for Zam).

Otherwise, this fic is partially inspired by "Strangers in the Night," although not enough to add it to the inspirations section. Otherwise, "The Princess and the Bounty Hunter" is a good fic, but since it was an AU, it was not an inspiration for this fic. Same with the fic "Interrogation Dates". There were some prompts I considered for this fic, but rejected, like Gentle (day 8), Somnophilia (day 12), Objects (day 15), and "I'll do *anything* in exchange for…" (day 10)

I had originally planned to a fic with CNC (Consensual Non-Consent) for Kinktober this year, as it was one of their prompts, but I never got around to it. I originally considered this fic falling into CNC (day 27), meaning two or more people engage in a "power or dominating sexual act...[which] will play out as though it is nonconsensual...[as a] a type of role-play...where [two or more people]...are enacting a scenario where non-consensual sex is happening, though the act is ultimately consensual."

Sadly, on April 17, after some back-and-forth, the admin of Sunset permanently suspended my account (and removed ALL 35 of my fics, including this one) for mishandling interactions with certain users *even after* I apologized to said users and removed certain passages of two fics. As such, I would **strongly** recommend against *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove, as both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

Works inspired by this one

The Masked Assailant, Padmé, and What it Means to be a Senator by lefemmerougensfw

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!